

WOMAN IS A FAD

SAYS HELEN ROWLAND, AUTHOR OF "THE DIGRESSIONS OF POLLY," A DIALOGUE WITH THE WRITER OF "THE POLLY DILOGUES." SHE TELLS HOW GIRLS CAME INTO FASHION, HOW THEY WILL GO OUT, AND GIVES SOME POINTS CONCERNING THE SORT OF GIRL A MAN LIKES.

By Ethel Marie Comstock.

"Woman is a fad. Some day we shall go out of fashion; and then we shall be laid on the old clothes shelf, along with last season's frocks."

Miss Helen Rowland made this startling statement, with which her heroine, Polly, of "The Digressions of Polly" and "The Polly Dialogues" might have remarked that, "Men are adorably human" or that "Patches are in fashion."

"But don't you feel horribly frightened," asked the interviewer, "at the thought of being laid on the shelf?"

Miss Rowland stopped in the act of pouring a cup of tea and put down the kettle meditatively.

"Does the leading lady," she asked, "stop to shudder at the thought of the hour when she will have to play old woman's parts? Does the soubrette worry herself gray over the prospect of some day playing seconds to her daughter, or of being relegated to the back row of the chorus? No she doesn't; and now that woman is the leading lady on the stage of life, she is playing the part for all it is worth. Ask any famous artist what sort of picture pays best, and he will tell you that the picture of a pretty woman is the only thing which will sell. Ask the publishers what sort of book is most popular, and they will tell you the book without a hero, the feminine book. Ask the poets to whom they have to cater and they will all answer to woman! It seems as though men had just waked up to the realization of what a truly lovely, artistic, adorable thing a woman is. Why, a few hundred years ago, she was nothing but a rib!" and Miss Rowland dropped

two lumps into my cup with a dull sickening thud at the thought. "Being in the limelight," she went on, taking her own cup and seating herself on the divan, with her slippers laced on a hassock, "with all the illustrators and the fashion writers and the newspaper and the magazine catering to us is lots of fun. It's a much better than voting or being in the Senate. It's as nice as being pretty compared to being learned."

"But as long as we aren't allowed to vote or to manage our own property, aren't we merely 'ribs' after all?"

"Yes—I suppose we are," she agreed, "but on the whole I believe we rather like to be 'ribs.' A man is so much more likely to take good care of his own rib than he is of a woman who can take care of herself."

"And when will we go out of fashion?"

"When men find something more interesting to talk about and read about and write about than 'Why a Woman Does Things'—when they find something prettier to draw or paint than a girl's face."

"But can they ever?"

Miss Rowland glanced into the mirror of a little dressing table that stood at an angle in one corner. I forgot to say that the divan and the dressing-table and the mirror and the kettle and the tea and the interviewer were all met in the studio at the top of a great old-fashioned house in New York City. The studio is called "The Three Skylights" and is just such as one reads about in books on Bohemia. It was here under an enormous Japanese umbrella, hung all about with lanterns that "Polly" was created. To reach "The Three Skylights" you climb three flights of old-fashioned stairs and walk straight into an atmosphere of Chinese incense. "The Three Skylights," itself, is a triple studio with a room for each of the three skylights. Miss Rowland declares that when she wants to clean it she has to "run a straw through it." As

for the author of "Polly"—she is just Polly! She presents that strange phenomenon—an author who is not disappointed. Except that her eyes are gray instead of blue and her hair is black instead of brown—you would fancy that Polly had just stepped out of the book, ruffled, French heels, violet scent, and all.

"I suppose," she replied talking to the duffy reflection in the mirror, "they can. Anyhow they can tire of us, just as they did of their bicycles and as they will of their automobiles and can relegate us to the realms of mere usefulness again. But just now the average American husband makes a pet of his wife. He considers her a decoration. His success in life can be estimated by the number of diamonds with which she trims him just as it can be estimated by the fancy silver trimmings of his motor car. Some day automobiles will be used merely for saving time and labor and some day, when woman is no longer a popular fad, she will be used merely for saving the household expenses and tending the baby."

"How dreadful! And what will women do then?"

"Oh, then they'll begin to vote and cut their hair short and tear the ruffles off their skirts and degenerate into nice, useful beings like a parcel delivery automobile or a street car. Man is still guessing about woman. He doesn't understand her yet. But if he keeps on studying her, he will solve the problem."

"But every woman is a different sort of problem, isn't she—just like the combinations of bank safes?"

"Yes, but all women, like all safe-combinations are constructed on certain basic principles. Once men have discovered these, it won't take an average man a whole year of married life to solve a particular combination of his wife's disposition; and then she will lose her charm, just as the safe that has been burgled loses its treasure. However, there will, of course, always be certain women who can retain their popularity and continue to cast the spell of mystery over themselves, even after the woman fad has died out and men have become sophisticated just as there was always a number of such women before. Mary Queen of Scots, Cleopatra and Madame Pompadour, for instance, who were fads on their own account."

"Tell me—oh, tell me—," sighed the interviewer, "how can a woman be a fad, with men on her own account?"

"First of all," said Miss Rowland, putting down her teacup and counting off the feminine virtues on the sticks of a Japanese fan, "be not trying too hard. Nobody ever accomplished anything by trying too hard. The person who tries too hard to be clever becomes an idiot and the person who tries too hard to be famous always dies in an attic or does

something infamous. When a woman tries too hard to please a man she overdoes. She becomes unnatural in everything. Her complexion becomes unnatural and her manners become unnatural. Her heart becomes unnatural and her waist-line becomes unnatural. A man doesn't like an artificial woman any better than he likes an artificial flower or an artificial front bang. He can always see straight through the artificiality to the motive which inspired it. There is only one general rule for being popular. The woman who likes men is sure to be popular with them. By this, I don't mean the woman who is constantly falling in love and is not happy if she is not receiving attentions. It is easier to love than to like any man. You can love him blindly; but to like him you have got to look at him with your eyes wide open, to weigh him in the balance, to understand him, and to admire him in spite of—oh, so many little failings. Like begets like, and admiration begets admiration, just as love is supposed to beget love, and no woman who understands men, or thinks she does, can fail to be popular with them, because she will understand that and she will not intend to do it for herself—not herself. She will lose all her egotism and learn how to play under study. She will soon acquire the art of sympathetic flattery, the art of dressing and the art of looking much and saying little—in short, all the feminine fine arts. But be singular with men. It isn't necessary to be pretty nor clever, nor even good. It is just necessary to be feminine and sympathetic and sweet and a little sentimental and a little sensible—a little of everything and not too much of any thing. A man likes a woman who is good enough to be self-conscious, independent enough to be able to live without him, but not so independent that she is impossible to live with, stupid enough to need to be taught things, but not so stupid that she cannot learn them."

"We may talk indefinitely about the great-souled woman and the intellectual woman and the famous beauty, but it is not these to whom one is afraid to introduce one's husband but—the chorus girl who looks pretty and smells sweet and can use her eyes and dance, and sing and smile. Isn't that irrefutable proof of all I have been saying?"

"And with a smile," said Miss Rowland, closing the door behind the interviewer, "and with a smile, Helen Rowland of Polly" has given the title of "The Feminine Bernard Shaw," at the same time it has placed her on the pinnacle of popularity. It is a dizzy height for so young a writer to reach at the bound of a single book and it is only to be hoped that she

will continue to remain as fresh and unperturbed in spite of her sudden success as she now is. Here are some of

Polly's Sentimentalisms.

Proposing is one of the lost arts. In love-making it is practice, not theory, that counts.

That lump which you feel in your throat when you are going to propose is the "don't" lump.

Sentiment is like wine; it keeps well only when it is tightly bottled and spoils when it is aired.

An engagement is nothing more nor less than a little rehearsal for matrimony.

A certain kind of man thinks the compliment he pays a woman by marrying her is the last he needs ever pay her.

Some men, who never tasted the spice in life's pudding, begin to long for it the moment they are put on the matrimonial diet of bread and milk.

A perfect man would be an awful bore. He'd have to wear court-plaster patches all over his soul to pretend that they were imperfections there.

Love is like pudding. You can't warm it over; and, even if you could, it would lose its flavor.

A woman always longs to spell her soul out on paper. When she writes a love letter, she ought to do it as though she were writing for fame, publication or posterity.

The girl he didn't get is always a man's ideal.

When a man marries a woman, he loses his perspective on her. It is like getting too close to a picture.

The man who breaks his dinner engagement with you before marriage will break your heart afterward.

Spending your courtship studying cook books and economy is like spending your life saving up for your funeral expenses. With a man, nothing is so dead as dead love.

A man marries a girl because she is what he is, and then immediately sets to work trying to make her over into what she is not.

A platonic friendship is wholesome; it doesn't spoil your appetite nor keep you awake nights.

A man who has never had a "past" is almost certain to have a "future."

A man who has known the folly of loving the wrong woman keenly appreciates the sweet satisfaction of possessing the right one.

A woman goes through life with white satin slippers. If she gets them muddy, they can't be washed.

Firing a Thirteen-Inch Gun.

To see a thirteen-inch gun loaded and fired is a sight not to be forgotten. The projectile is thirteen inches in diameter, about three feet in length and will weigh about 1100 pounds. The powder

charge for target practice is 250 pounds. The cost for each shot is about \$500. When all is ready on the range the signal siren sounds, there is a blinding flash, a roar like thunder, and a jarring shock, then you hear the whining scream of the shell, for all the world like a fast express rounding a sharp curve. The projectile is visible almost from the time it leaves the gun; you see it rip through the target and strike the water beyond, throwing up a column of liquid many feet high. The shell skips, much like the flat stone

"skipper" of our boyhood, column of water shoots out to be or more farther out to be and again. The shell is watched without the aid of eight miles or more in air—G. Upton Harvey in L. ly.

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WALKER'S STORE

EVERY WHITE ARTICLE IN THE HOUSE REDUCED

One Week Gone--One Week Left--Carnival Ends Saturday, June 24th.

The first week of this great carnival has been a wonderful success—past our fondest hopes has been the success of the venture. The people of Salt Lake have indeed shown their appreciation of the departure from the trodden path, and have accepted this great carnival as a tallman of the upbuilding and on-going force of extra help, we were unable to cope with the crowds in many instances. Next week, with the impetus we have gained, we will do better even than last week. "Everything so cool and fresh," "A pleasant shop in the great store," and many other equally flattering remarks have been rife during the past week.

Entire Line of Boys' Suits, Worth \$3 to \$15.00, June White Carnival Will Be Reduced 25 Per Cent.

This assortment comprises Russian blouses, sailor blouses with erbocker trousers and Norfolk, single and double-breasted coats, clothes made for boys.

Second Week of the June White Carnival in the Wash Goods Aisle

5000 yards of 32-inch Dotted Swisses, worth 25c. June White Carnival—14c the yard.

Figured organdies also included in this lot. The values are unusually good at the regular price.

4800 yards of 32-inch Figured Batiste—worth 20c. June White Carnival—9c the yard.

This line comprises 100 different styles, and would be considered a snap at 20c the yard.

1000 yards of French Oxfords, worth 65c the yard. June White Carnival—29c the yard.

This lot also contains many beautiful pieces of Embroidered English novelties.

30 pieces of Embroidered English White Pongee Suiting, worth 45c. June White Carnival—25c the yard.

Pequot and Lockwood 9-4 Bleached Sheeting, worth 30c. June White Carnival—25c the yard.

50 pieces of White Dotted Swisses—the 45c for 35c, the 50c for 40c, the 65c for 49c, the 75c for 59c, the 85c for 69c.

END OF THE SEASON DRESS GOODS SALE.

Wonderful sacrificing begins Monday—absolutely EVERY YARD of Dress Goods, white and colored, to go at prices undeniably the lowest. If interested in the subject of dress goods, come; if not, come anyhow, and you will become interested. The season ends this month. This will be a golden opportunity.

Dress Goods Worth up to \$1.50 per yard—Will be closed out at 46c per yard.

This accumulation is the result of the season's business. The lengths are from 2 to 3 yards. Black and colored dress goods, remnants of the best the season afforded. All weaves and colors.

Entire Stock of Black Dress Goods, worth 35c up to \$5.50 yard, will be reduced 25 per cent.

This is the most comprehensive line of weaves and styles ever shown in the city; light and medium weights; an unprecedented opportunity to save on black dress fabrics.

Cravenette or Rain Proof Goods, worth \$2 to \$3.50 a yard—entire stock will be reduced 20 per cent.

This is the best fabric for tailor suits and rain coats; the colors are tans, mixed browns, mixed blues, mixed greens, grey and Oxford grey.

White and Cream Dress Goods—worth 60c to \$4.50 a yard, entire stock to be reduced 20 per cent.

Entire Stock of French Challis—will be reduced 20 per cent.

Stripes and Fancy Mohairs—worth 50c to \$3 a yard, entire stock reduced 25 per cent.

Entire Stock of Plain Mohairs—Will be reduced 20 per cent.

An absolutely unparalleled opportunity to obtain the season's best at the very lowest figures.

Plain Piece Dyed Goods—entire stock will be reduced 20 per cent.

This line comprises Albatross, Batiste, Crepe, Crepe Egypte, Crepe Cloth, Mohelaine, Rendaona Crepe, Serges, etc. This collection of weaves comes in all the leading shades for evening and street wear.

Silk and Wool Dress Goods—worth \$1.25 to \$2.75 a yard, entire stock reduced 25 per cent.

These are Acollines, Illusion Cloth, Crepe de Paris, Crepe de Flinders, etc.

All Kinds of Checks—worth 65c to \$3.50 a yard, entire stock of these reduced 25 per cent.

This comprises all the checks designed for this season's wear—checks are "it."

Mannish Effects—worth \$1.50 to \$2.75 a yard, entire stock will be reduced 33 1-3 per cent.

French Novelty Dress Patterns—entire stock will be reduced 40 per cent.

Voiles—worth up to \$2.00 a yard, entire stock reduced 33 1-3 per cent.

Broad Cloth—worth \$2.50 to \$4.50 a yard, entire stock reduced 25 per cent.

Second Week of the June White Carnival--in the Notion and Fancy Goods Aisle.

White Kid Belts, worth 50c and 75c. June White Carnival—38c each.

These in many different styles and widths.

White Wash Belts, worth 50c and 60c each. June White Carnival—42c.

These are beautiful. Some are embroidered in white, others in delicate color effects.

White Pearl Waist Sets, worth 50c, 65c and 75c. June White Carnival—32c and 48c each.

These in all shapes and sizes, many designs in plain and fancy ideas.

OTHER OPPORTUNITIES IN COLORED FANCY GOODS.

Excellent Hand Bags, worth 75c each, will be reduced to 48c each.

These are nicely made and fitted with coin purses.

Silk Lined Hand Bags, worth \$1.50 to \$1.75 each, will be reduced to 98c each.

These are very fine bags, well made and fitted with coin purse and card case. A rare opportunity.

An elegant line of Hand Bags, in all colors and kinds of leather. These bags usually sell at \$2.50 to \$3.50 each. To close, your choice \$1.98.



You will never be disappointed with fit, color, style or wear if you buy the "Amsterdam double-tipped silk glove." There's a guarantee ticket with every pair. That's simply additional proof that we mean what we say, that it's the best silk glove made.

Black Chiffon Taffeta Silk Skirts—worth \$18.50 for \$13.50.

These are lovely garments, made with side pleat and triple box pleat. A chance you should not miss.

Black Silk Coats, worth \$18.00 to \$30.00, will be reduced 25 per cent.

These are the three-quarter length and redingote style, the season's favorites. This offer will be quickly taken.

Shoe and Oxford Specials Extraordinary.

Wright & Peters' Oxfords, worth \$5.00, will be reduced to \$2.35 a pair.

Two grand lines included in this lot. The leathers are calf and gun metal kid, the very latest lasts.

Any \$3.50 to \$5.00 Tan Oxford in the house for one week only—\$2.95.

J. W. Jenkins' famous \$2.50 to \$3.00 shoes, this week only—\$1.95.

All misses' and children's shoes and slippers will be reduced 20 per cent.

Second Week of the June White Carnival in the Stationery Dept.

Fine box Stationery, worth 65c box. June White Carnival—32c box.

This elegant stationery has the Gilbert heads on box cover. Makes a very pretty picture to frame.

All Stationery sold by the quire and pack.

June White Carnival—25 per cent off.

This includes the Hurlbut's superfine Ruskin vellum, Irish linen bond and the rest of the high-grade papers.

Paper napkins, worth 10c per hundred.

June White Carnival—5c per hundred.

Binder's Tar Soap, worth 25c cake. June White Carnival—15c cake.

This one of the best shampoo and toilet soaps on the market. Just as good as Packer's tar soap and in larger cakes.

A WORD FROM THE "BASEMENT."

Preserving time is at hand. We are thoroughly Are you? If not, you should come at once and supply of fruit jars, jelly glassers, etc.

When the fresh fruit is all gone and the black November herald the approaching winter, the thrifty housewife rejoices that she has laid supply of those good preserves, such as can be in Ball Bros.' Mason Jars. We have them.

BAL BROS.' MASON JARS.

Pint size, 65c dozen.

Quart size, 75c dozen.

2-quart size, \$1.10 dozen.

Best grade red rubber Mason rings, 5c dozen.

Tin covered jelly glasses, 25c and 29c dozen.

The Rollman cherry seeders, 75c each.

Universal food and fruit choppers, 85c each.

Walker Brothers Dry Goods Co. Walker Brothers Dry Goods Co. Walker Brothers Dry Goods Co.